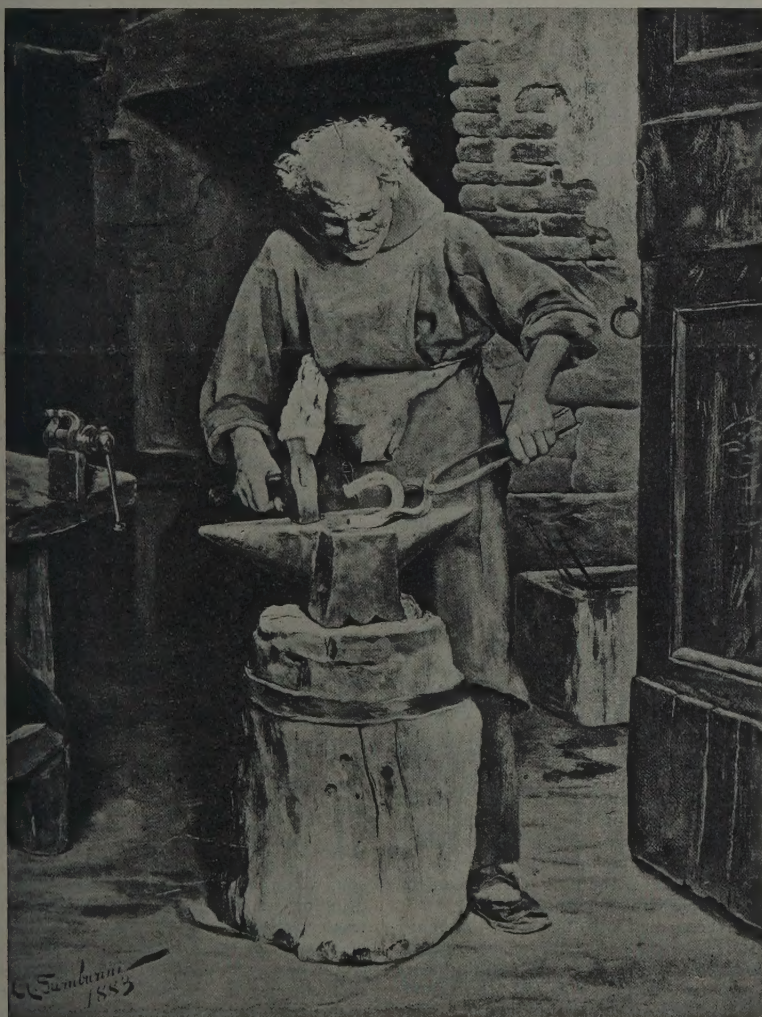


EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

VOL. XXV.—No. 3. A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME. OCTOBER 10, 1909.



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

AS you think to-day, you will be to-morrow. Thoughts are but seeds. If you foster them, the fruit is inevitable. Think mean thoughts to-day, and you will be a mean soul to-morrow. Think great thoughts and

loving, and you cannot but grow great. Dream not your thoughts are secrets of your own. They mould your face, they make your character, they come forth and startle you when you least expect it, in word and deed.

The man that makes a character makes foes.
YOUNG.

NOW AND HERE.

Any soul may rise to be
A new savior to the race;
Every man and woman fills,
Well or ill, a prophet's place.

In our Now and Here lies hid
All of wealth and all of power;
From the promise of to-day
Bursts to-morrow's beauteous flower.

Every deed of solid worth
Helps the world to find its place;
Every life of homely truth
Raises higher all the race.

Let us thitherward aspire,
Take whate'er we find to do,
Making life what life should be,—
Something liberal, earnest, true!
Christian Life.

For Every Other Sunday.

NOT BOTH OF US.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

THE winter wind was keen. It whistled among the bare branches of the leafless trees, standing gaunt and stern upon the mountain side. It swept over the frozen waters of the torrent, hanging motionless and ice-bound, now, upon that mountain. Most of all it whistled through the many crevices of the teepee, threatening to extinguish the smouldering embers of the tiny fire.

"It is cold," thought little Wan-ee, as she put a damp log over the charred, black fragments. "It is cold."

Wan-ee was fourteen years of age, but you never would have deemed her more than ten. She was a plain little Indian girl, with straight black hair and straight dark features. Only her eyes were beautiful,—large, soft, dark as night.

"If I could go to the Mission House," thought Wan-ee. In the summer, so far back now, she might have gone. But then the Mission House had seemed less beautiful than the wide clear space about the teepee, bordered with the mysterious, whispering forest. Freedom had been dearer, the wide sky had drawn her more. But now the earth, bound hard in the grip of the winter, had no caress. The Mission House was warm. She knew, for she had seen it last

winter when a Christian Indian had taken her down for the New Year services. The children wore bright crimson garments; and, oh, how good was that dark, sweet bread they had called cake!

"If I could go now, I would," thought Wan-ee.

As if her thought had brought him, she saw the Indian Agent walking up the path to the teepee. He had come for her in the summer, but she had hidden from him then. Now she was very glad to see his spare form under the snow-laden trees. He would take her away to warmth and comfort and light.

"Yes," she heard him say to her mother who had gone out to meet him, "yes, I daresay you will be glad to let her come now. You are all glad in the winter. But the Home is very full, and they have room for but one more. I hear there is a sick child in the next teepee. I must take her, not yours."

Wan-ee was sad. Yes, little sick Hist-ko did live in the next teepee. So Hist-ko would go far down the mountain side to the house with the many lights, and she herself would stay up here in the cold—with but little to eat—all through the long, bitter winter.

Then she heard her mother speak. She heard her with surprise. No one had told her before that Hist-ko was dead. Poor Hist-ko! She would never be warm and happy in the Mission House now.

The Indian Agent, who knew that the Indians are, as a rule, truthful, believed the story Wan-ee's mother told him. So he came into the teepee, and smiled kindly at Wan-ee, telling her to come with him.

Wan-ee gathered together her few poor possessions. And then she turned to look at her mother from whom she was parting.

What she read in the mother's dark face made her start. Not often was Toosha as Wan-ee saw her now. Some one had given her whiskey. When Wan-ee saw that, she knew that her mother might not have spoken the truth,—that Hist-ko might not be dead.

There was a silent struggle in her mind. She was cold, she was hungry. She wanted to go away down the mountain side to the Mission House. But she had carried Hist-ko in her arms—Hist-ko was but nine—many a time. The little thing was sick,—very sick, she knew. Should she, Wan-ee, go away, and leave Hist-ko to die up here in the cold of the winter snows?

The struggle was short, but it was very sharp. When it had ended, Wan-ee ran up the hill, while the Indian Agent and her mother ran after her, the former very swiftly with great strides, her mother slowly, with steps that were unsteady, and soon ceased altogether.

But Wan-ee was fleet of foot. When the Indian Agent reached the higher teepee, he saw the child he sought emerging from its door with little Hist-ko—a tiny burden, of a pitiful lightness, in her arms. Then he knew Toosha had lied.

"Take Hist-ko," said Wan-ee, "if you cannot take both of us."

"I cannot," said the Agent, regretfully.

He could not, of course, foresee that, when he should reach the Home, he would be told that one of the elder girls had found a pleasant place of service, thus creating one more vacancy, and that on the following day he would return for Wan-ee, who would enter the Home on Christmas evening. He could not foresee this, and even less could Wan-ee. Still, as he strode down the hill, with Hist-ko's light form in his strong arms, Wan-ee was not unhappy. She did not know the word "love," but her heart was very full of it. She forgot her own chill disappointment, forgot her own cold and hunger, in the thought of Hist-ko, warmed and com-

forted. Warmth and comfort would come to her, but of this she had no knowledge then. Yet a holy joy was in her heart as she watched the solemn stars come out, one by one, in the great blue vault above the ice-bound earth. And, when the rays of the Northern Light flashed across the zenith from east to west, she thought the happiness that filled her being came from seeing them.

EYES TO SEE.

THERE is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb o'er which we tread
Are written words, which, rightly read,
Will lead us from earth's fragrant sod
To hope and holiness and God!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

For Every Other Sunday.

HOW GRANDMOTHER LEARNED THE DEFINITION OF AN ISLAND.

BY MARGARET BAIRD.

Part I.

"AN island is a body of land entirely surrounded by water. Now, see if I know it, grandmother. 'An island' is a body of water entirely surrounded by land. Oh, my, and to-morrow is examination, and we're sure to get that very question. An island is a body of land entirely surrounded by water. An island is a body of land entirely surrounded by water."

"Martha," said grandma, as she folded her mending and pushed her spectacles to the top of her forehead, "the way I learned that definition was quite different from your way, but I never have and never can forget it."

"When I was a little girl in school, we had that same definition in class, and I failed in answering it."

"After school had closed and I had forgotten all about school and book troubles, I started one evening with Nero, the immense St. Bernard dog that had been my constant playfellow from babyhood, to bring up the brown cow that had strayed away from the herd."

"She was not in the lower pasture as father thought, and I crossed the deep gulley between the lower field and the maple grove below. The gulley was dark, slimey, and wet. Several places little streams were gurgling through the sand and mud. These I managed to cross by foot logs or by a running jump; and, after spending almost half an hour, I found myself pulling my tired body up the steep bank of 'the Island' by the grape vines that hung from a water willow on the edge of the bank. In a few minutes I was sitting, breathless, wet, dirty, and happy, in the grape-vine swing beneath the spreading branches of the king of the beautiful maples of Maple Grove."

"It had been an ideal June day. A heavy rain in the night had been followed by sunshine, and I loitered a long while in the swing before going down to the further end of 'the Island' where I would, no doubt, find truant Betty browsing among the water willows."

"I did not hurry, either, going down, but loitered along like little Golden Hair, watching the busy little insects in every ant hill, swinging on every possible grape vine, gathering violets, dandelions, and forget-me-nots, peering among the willows for my humming-bird's nest of last year, watching the great frogs leap into the puddles with a 'cherchunk' as I came near, looking back of every heap of stones near the

bank for snakes. Never a thought of hurry, for I would go home by the other way,—cross over the bridge of stones that was used by teams in hauling sand and go home by the mountain road instead of the disagreeable gulley."

"I found Betty where I expected, among the willows, and unwilling to return with me; but, with Nero's help, we started for the stone crossing reaching from the Island to the mountain road. It was covered with water flowing swift and noisily."

"Seeing it would be impossible for me to cross here, I decided to turn and go back by way of the gulley."

"Both Betty and Nero seemed excited, and, when coming into the open, I heard a low, rumbling noise like distant thunder. I listened with bated breath. It was not thunder, for it was constant and gradually growing louder. It must be a freight coming around the narrows above Drury's Run. I listened again for the long whistle of the engine, but could hear nothing but the ominous roar that had grown deafening by this time. The water of the river I noticed then was muddy, whereas it had been clear when I came on 'the Island.'"

"I then started with all speed to reach the gulley, cross over, and get home as quickly as possible; but a few minutes later, when Betty, Nero, and I reached the spreading maple, the gulley was a muddy, seething stream, and, looking over, I saw father standing with his hands protecting his eyes, gazing across. I stood in the open and waved my sunbonnet. He was calling I knew, but the roar of the water about me and the sound from up river kept me from hearing."

"He pointed up the river; and, looking, I saw a mass of logs coming down the stream. It looked as though one of the mountains had suddenly melted and bridged the stream from bank to bank. The water itself could not be seen for the mass of lumber that was slowly scraping, piling, rolling forward. By the sharp curve in the river I could see almost a mile below where the water was yet placid and green, while moving past 'the Island' was the wave of seething, muddy water followed close by a mass of logs. On they came. I had read of the stampedes of buffalo before the fires on the plains of the Mississippi, and imagined the bobbing logs to be heads of buffalo."

To be continued.

Mankind are more indebted to industry than to ingenuity: the gods set up their favors at a price, and industry is the purchaser.

ADDISON.

OLDEN TEA-TABLE ETIQUETTE.

TEA-TABLE etiquette was somewhat complicated in the days of that "hardened and shameless tea drinker," Dr. Johnson, when many people thought nothing of drinking ten or twelve cups at a sitting. It was considered proper for the cups and saucers of a party of tea drinkers to be all passed up to the hostess in one batch when replenishment was considered necessary, and, in order that each person might be sure of getting back the right cup, the teaspoons were numbered. When the cups were passed up, those who did not require any more were supposed to place the spoon in the cup. And this writer remembers a very ancient dame teaching a small boy to place his spoon in his cup after the first cup had been emptied. He wondered for the reason. Now he knows that tea was once very expensive, and little boys were not expected to ask again.—*St. James' Gazette.*

VERSES ON A DICTIONARY.

O WONDERFUL book, thy leaves unfold
The sum of all that e'er was writ;
Like pearls unstrung, here lie unrolled
The words of Wisdom, Folly, Wit;
Thousands of words, like bells to ring
Their countless changes to the heart,
Then thoughts, their subtle masters, bring
The pen or voice to aid their art.

Here lies the future statesman's speech,
The coming poet's mythic lay,
The wisdom that the past should teach,
The words that shall the future sway.
And thou, a prophet, shape the speech,
Or gather up the scattered lay;
Show millions how the path to reach
Where Truth and Wisdom lead the way.

Weigh well thy words, choose well thy theme;
Hear soaring Fancy while she sings;
Listen to Reason's thoughtful scheme,
But shun the page that Folly brings.
Thousands of words before you lie,
Wisdom and Truth you here may view;
But choose, with purpose fixed and high,
Words that are loving, pure, and true.

*Found written on the fly-leaf of an old dictionary,
and signed W. H. N.*

For Every Other Sunday.

HATTIE'S ADVENTURE ON THE NEW ROAD.

BY ANNA BRADFORD HUBBARD.

HATTIE WINSLOW lived with her father, mother, and brother on a farm in the southern part of the old Pilgrim town of Duxbury. During the summer months the brother, John, carried on a little bake-shop in the village, where there were many summer visitors. Hattie, who was twelve years old, often helped John, doing errands, waiting on customers, and bringing the home-baked food which her mother sometimes cooked to order for John's customers.

One Friday night in September Hattie was late in starting for home. John always slept all night at the shop on Fridays, to get ready for Saturday, the busiest day of the week. So she had to drive alone. Usually she did not mind that, for she liked to drive old Nellie, the safe horse; but that night she was carrying an unusual package, \$40 in money, which John had collected that day for his father, and which must be ready for the father to take to Plymouth in the morning. There are no banks in Duxbury, and the Winslows were old-fashioned folks, little accustomed to the use of checks, preferring to be paid in actual money. The ride was commonly free from all danger, and Hattie felt only a slight uneasiness, due to the fact that there were stories afloat of a tough crowd of foreigners—"boggers"—at the nearest cranberry bog, some of whom had been discharged on account of a brawl, and who were supposed to be hanging about the outskirts of the town.

As Hattie drove away from the shop, the sun had just set, leaving the quaint old town calm and beautiful in the afterglow. The tide was high, but the bay was smooth, making a picture full of rest and peace. The quiet loveliness sank into Hattie's heart, driving out all memory of her fears. The last week's Sunday-School lesson came into her mind, as she caught sight of the church spire, almost a mile away toward the west. They had been talking about the beatitudes, and the teacher had asked the class

if they could think of any new beatitudes, and Hattie had answered, "Blessed are the brave, for God will take care of them." She did not feel at all afraid after she remembered that.

When she reached Hall's Corner, and turned down the New Road, with its low hills covered with a peculiar reddish sand, she could make out the figure of Miles Standish on the top of the monument on Captain's Hill, but by the time she reached the "fishman's" house, which marked the beginning of the loneliest stretch of road, she could not tell the color of the September goldenrod from the purple of the wild aster growing beside it.

Old Nellie was walking slowly, as was her custom, up the longest hill, and Hattie was flicking carelessly with her whip at the indistinct flowers by the roadside, when suddenly a man stepped out from behind a clump of beach-plum bushes, and took hold of Nellie's head, while another man, who came from Hattie knew not where, put his foot on the wagon step, and said in a rough voice:

"I don' wan' ter hurt yer, I'l girl, but I t'ink mebbe yer bringin' home a li'l money!"

He was interrupted by a quick movement from Hattie. She had been making some small purchases at the village store that day, and her mother's pocket-book, containing a small sum, lay beside her on the wagon-seat. Like a flash, she picked it up, and threw it back of her into the road.

"There," she cried; "take it."

It was still light enough for the men to see her motion, and the one at the horse's head dropped the bridle just as she hit old Nell a smart blow with the whip. The man at her side dropped off the step, and old Nell, surprised at the unusual treatment, broke into the canter that was her fastest gait. Hattie did not spare the whip for the mile or so that remained of her way. All the time she sat very straight, feeling a queer sort of excitement which was not fear. She was running a race, and the prize for the winner was the forty dollars she had pinned in her dress. She almost laughed when she felt old Nellie responding to the touch of her whip, and she noticed how the breeze blew from the East, and that the glimmer from the Gurnet Light looked no bigger than that from a glow-worm.

It was only when old Nell slowed up to turn into her own yard that a feeling of fear came over her. When her father, hearing the sound of wheels, came out, lantern in hand, to unharness, he found not a triumphant winner of a race, but a terrified little heap crumpled up on the old democrat seat. In the midst of excited sobs she told her story to her father and mother, but, when her mother said, at the end of the story, "My poor little girl!" she straightened her back, and said proudly, "But I wasn't afraid then."

Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life.

PRIOR.

For Every Other Sunday.

STORY OF A GARDEN.

BY LENNA WILLIAMSON BROWN.

ONCE there was a garden in which were cultivated both vegetables and flowers. Through the middle of the garden was a path, and on one side of it bloomed nasturtiums, verbenas, phlox, etc., while on the other flourished lettuce, radishes, peas, beans, and many other vegetables.

Near one end of the garden stood a beautiful

purple columbine, and just across the path from her grew a fine cauliflower. These plants were near the fence which bounded the garden, and at the foot of the fence there grew a great burdock, sending out his broad leaves so far to the right and left as even to crowd the delicate columbine and the sturdy cauliflower.

"See the burdock," said the columbine to the cauliflower one day. "Isn't he ugly? And only look how he is pushing his great leaves against my feet! I wish the gardener would cut him down."

"Yes," returned the cauliflower. "Have you noticed how one of his leaves keeps the afternoon sun from my face? If something is not done, he will soon cover both of us."

The columbine shuddered.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the burdock. "I am not afraid of the gardener. How many times did he cut me off last summer, do you think? Three times! and in spite of him I matured some beautiful burrs which clung to his overalls when he was taking in the vegetables in the autumn, and he carried them until they dropped off in the barn-yard and started a fine patch of burdocks there. A bumble-bee, only this morning, told me how magnificently they are growing."

Again the columbine shuddered. "Do you suppose that is true?" she whispered to the cauliflower. "Are we always to have such a rude neighbor, do you think?"

"I don't know," said the cauliflower. "There is a humming-bird. Ask him."

So, while the humming-bird drained the honey from one after another of the columbine's bells as she held them out to him, she told him of the rude burdock, and asked him if what the burdock boasted were true.

"I am afraid it is," said the humming-bird, "but I do not think he will be allowed to overshadow you. The gardener will be sure to cut him down, and before he grows again you will have some time in which to grow."

A few days later the gardener came into the garden with a spade, and dug the burdock up, root and branch, and threw him over the fence into the road. There he lay, scorching and shrivelling in the sun. Then the columbine and the cauliflower forgot their fear of him, and were really sorry to see him lying in the heat and dust and dying of thirst. "Poor burdock!" said the columbine. "Are you not sorry for him?"

"Yes," said the cauliflower. "His fate is very sad."

"Alas, my neighbors!" said the burdock, speaking through the fence. "Little did I think I should ever come to this! Here am I, dug up, thrown out, and dying, while the gardener gives you the best of care. Tell me why this gross injustice."

"Do you not see my purple blossoms?" said the columbine. "These I bear for him in great numbers, and he loves their beauty and their fragrance."

"But the cauliflower?" said the burdock. "He is neither beautiful nor fragrant."

"I yield him food," said the cauliflower. "All summer I draw up nourishment from the soil and store it in my head, and, when my little season of life begins to wane, this is the legacy I have accumulated for him. Had you not been so selfish in living your life all for yourself, you might have occupied an honored place in the garden instead of being destroyed. Your only fruit is burrs which are only a nuisance and are very ugly, besides. If you would be prized in the world, you must be of some use."

"Alas! alas!" said the burdock. "It is too late now." And he bowed his head in the dust, and died.

OCTOBER PARTY.

OCTOBER gave a party;
The leaves by hundreds came,—
And Ashes, Oaks, and Maples,
And those of every name.
The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand;
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed;
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked their best,
And balanced all their partners,
And gayly fluttered by;
The sight was like a rainbow
New fallen from the sky.

Then, in the rustic hollows,
At "hide-and-seek" they played;
The party closed at sundown,
And everybody stayed.
Professor Wind played louder,
They flew along the ground;
And then the party ended
In jolly "hands around."

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

REQUESTED TO PICK THE FLOWERS.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

IT was the girl's first visit to California, the land of flowers, and her beauty-loving nature was fairly revelling in the wealth of bloom that met her eyes on every side. Suddenly she paused before a long, thick hedge of heliotrope that had attained the gigantic height of six feet.

"Oh, how magnificent! Do let me stop a few minutes and revel in it!" she exclaimed, bringing her hands together in an ecstasy of delight. And she enthusiastically buried her face in the fragrant blossoms.

Then, as she started to pass on her way with the friend to whom such sights were of daily occurrence, she suddenly came to another halt.

"What does that sign mean?" she asked, pointing to a board upon which was printed in large letters, "Children are requested to pick these blossoms."

"It means just what it says," replied her amused companion. "California flowers are so abundant that they are free to all."

The dazed young woman who had been accustomed only to signs that read, "Children are forbidden to touch," or "No trespassing on these grounds," and the like, turned a bewildered face toward her informant, as she ejaculated: "Requested—to pick—the flowers! Why, I cannot understand it! At home a child would be locked up who was caught persistently trespassing in that way!"

The lady with whom she was sojourning hastened to inform her that flowers rioted so in California that it was deemed an act of kindness for people to avail themselves of them.

"They are not missed," she said. "Hundreds of them might be taken from this one hedge, and the next day the stems would be bending beneath a weight of blossoms. What would you say to an Easter service in a church graced with 6,000 Easter lilies?" she inquired.

"I should certainly say that it was a fairy tale," was the quick response.

"Yet it is a fact; and I myself was present at the service," the proud resident of this country of tropical luxuriance assured the astonished



MADONNA AND SAINTS—J. VON SCHRAUDOLPH.

girl. "2,000,000 roses were at one time exhibited in one of our flower pageants," she went on to say.

"Don't tell me any more," laughingly remonstrated her bewildered listener. "My brain will not grasp it. You are a truthful woman, and I cannot doubt your veracity. But 'truth' is certainly 'stranger than fiction.' And my eyes are beholding marvellous proofs of it on every side, as I walk your flower-lined streets."

For Every Other Sunday.

FORGETFULNESS AND THE RESULT.

BY LINDA DE ARMOND.

MRS. ENDICOTT was called away suddenly to the bedside of a sick neighbor.

She did not like to leave her young daughter in charge of the house and the baby, as she was so forgetful and careless, but there was no help for it this time, and possibly it might make her feel that her mother depended on her to be of use. So Anna May was told to take good care of her little brother, and on no condition to leave him, as some harm might

come to him. Anna May did really mean to obey her mother. She also loved that baby brother, for he was so good and sweet, but, when her friend Nellie ran over with her sewing, she took the baby to the door.

"Do put that heavy baby on the lounge. Then we can sit on the porch and have a good talk," said Nellie.

"But—"

"But, nothing," replied Nellie. "I will fix him up myself," and she drew her friend back into the sitting-room and arranged the cushions. "He is just too sweet for anything, and with a chair in front and a nice soft cushion there is not a bit of danger. Mother often puts little Billy on our lounge that way. Now out on the porch for a good time."

Anna May yielded to her friend. Although she was a little bit ashamed, it soon wore off, and she forgot the baby and everything but what her friend was saying until there was a slight noise and a cry. Anna May's face grew pale, and she ran to the door only to find the wind had blown it shut, and she could not get in. Her first thought was robbers. "Oh, what shall I do?" she cried.



OLD MILL, AMBLESIDE, ENGLAND.

"Go to the back door," said Nellie. "I am sure the wind has blown the door shut." They took hold of hands and ran around, but, when they entered the room, there was no baby and the chair was pushed away. They went upstairs, but nothing was touched. They went hurriedly from room to room, then descended to the first floor again, and just as they were about to go into the sitting-room Mrs. Endicott entered, and they told her about the baby's disappearance, and turned to the place where the baby had lain. But, to their great surprise, a little arm was thrust out from under the fringe, and there was baby with his little fist half in his mouth. He had pushed the chair

away and rolled under the lounge. Not being hurt, he stopped crying, and lay there playing with the fringe.

"Oh, you naughty little darling!" shouted Anna May and Nellie, as they seized the little fellow and hugged him tight.

Mrs. Endicott did not say a word of reproof, for she thought her daughter had a lesson never to be forgotten, and in this she was right; for from that day Anna May started on the road to better things.

There is no vice which mankind carries to such wild extremes as that of avarice. SWIFT.

THE CLOUDS.

WHEN the day was dark, and the leaves fell fast,
And the clouds hung overhead,
The Earth complained that her youth was past,
And her gladness all was dead.
But the clouds rolled past.

When the night closed o'er, and the traveller sought
For a guiding light o'erhead,

The sky was dark with clouds close wrought;
"There are no stars," he said.
But the clouds rolled past.

When life was dark as the night ere dawn,
And the clouds met overhead,
When hope in life was almost gone,
"There is no God," he said.
But the clouds rolled past.

So the clouds roll past from the darkest night,
And the saddest gloom dissolves in light.

Jean Carmichael.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE CEREMONY OF FEET-WASHING.

BY EMMA G. RANDALL.

ONE of the walks which the tourist takes, while spending the winter here at Southern Pines, is over to a place called "Jimtown" about a half-mile west from the centre of the village.

We are informed that the place was originally called Jamestown, but, owing to the fact that the colored people have gone in here and settled, so that now it is entirely populated by them, the place is known as "Jimtown."

The place is quite thickly settled, and there are some real good-looking houses, together with school-houses and four churches.

"Have you ever attended service at a colored church?" inquired my friend, as we were wandering around through the streets of Jimtown one day.

"Only once," I replied, "and I would like to go again." On questioning my wash-woman about the Sunday services, she replied, "I'se goes to de Mefodis, an' I sho would likes you'ns to come over to our meetin'-house, some Sunda', but nex' Sunda' we's don' hav' no meetin', we's all gwin to de feet-washin' at the Baptist."

"Feet-washing!" I exclaimed. "Why, what is that? Do they allow any one to go?"

"Oh, yes, Missus. Dere's a mighty big crowd goes when dere's feet-washin', an' a heap o' white folks, too. You jes' hav' to get there mighty good season too, Missus, if yo' done gets in."

"What time do they have this ceremony?" I inquired.

"In de even, Missus. You'ns jes' better com' alon' an' see it."

So a party of us decided to "com' alon'," and we started in good season for the "meetin'-house."

We chose the back seat in the house, and after a time found we were wise in doing so, as the room was literally packed with people, and naturally became oppressively warm, but the window behind us was a blessing. Hardly were we seated before the people began crowding in, and we were aware that they considered it an unusual occasion, as many had come over from the hotels at the "Pines."

As the service began, we confess to a feeling of disappointment in the singing, as it was slow and mournful.

The leader would "line out" the hymn, and

the congregation sing as he read, but it lacked the spirit and jingle which we had always supposed the colored people put into their music. One thing was very noticeable, however, that every one sang, from oldest to youngest; that is, they made a noise. Stanza were dolefully sung till we began to fear they would fill up the evening with this part of the service and would certainly sing the book through.

In the midst of the singing the preacher came in and we found that that was the cause of so much music. They were filling in the time till his arrival.

Meanwhile a man of large proportions and an extremely black and shiny countenance seemed to be completing arrangements making several errands to the vestibule of the church, returning bringing in two large pans and a pail of water.

"There," exclaimed one of the doubting ones of our party, "I believe they are really going to do it this time. I've been here several times to witness the ceremony, and never yet saw them do it."

After more singing of a mournful strain, the minister arose and, reading a few verses from the Bible, he announced his text and preached a very good sermon.

At times he became quite eloquent, and his audience seemed to be greatly moved by his words, frequently giving utterance to their feelings by loud "Hallelujahs" and "Amen."

In taking the collection, each one went forward and placed his money on a table in front, while more singing added to the confusion. We noticed that all had a part in the collection, even the very small children, and, if any person was slow in responding, our Deacon of the bulky frame gently expostulated with them till they finally walked up to the table.

But it was for the feet-washin' we had come, and we confess that the room was getting oppressively warm and the time seemed long.

Finally, in order to bring the collection to a close, some of our party responded generously, and the required amount was secured amid the hearty thanks of the Deacon for "dereliberality."

The pastor, after reading portions of Scripture, explained that the ceremony they were about to participate in was a symbol of humility, and that all who entered into it seriously would thus signify their humbleness of spirit. Then he girded himself with a towel, and with the assistance of some of the Deacons he began to wash his brethren's feet. The towel was dipped in the water and the feet anointed with it and then wiped.

The women in the meantime performed the same service among themselves.

It was all done quietly and with modesty and dignity, and the great audience assumed a most reverential attitude through it all.

Evidently, the whole ceremony meant a great deal to them, and we came away impressed with the deep devotion of these people.

For Every Other Sunday.

DRYAD OR DREAM.

BY AVIS G. LITTLE.

ONE evening as I sat watching the rain-drops tumble down from out the darkness, strike the window-pane, and slip away into the night, I heard a pleasant "Good evening." Looking about I saw a tiny man standing upon the library table. With a quaint bow he turned and scrambled up to the top of a dictionary, where he gravely seated himself.

His loose gray gown was caught about the waist by a rope of green leaves and acorn cups; his monk's hood, which had fallen back, showing his long white hair, was garlanded with leaf buds; his face was half hidden by a curly white beard, which also covered his chest; while his eyes, so blue, yet softened, were like gentians blossoming amid fleecy snow.

"Yes, she's the one," he muttered, then louder:

"You see, once every year I must visit whatever man has made my body into; and once every hundred years I am given power to take human form, so that I may tell my story to some one who has never ill-used me. My body is now this library table; but once, long ago, I was an oak tree, and even before that a dryad in a far-off country, but that was when I was only a child.

"One day my brothers and I crept into the hearts of acorns to keep warm during the winter. When spring came, I awoke, and, wonders! it seemed as if a heavy load was resting upon me. For weeks I strove to lift it, and finally I saw the light. However, I saw not the wood where I had fallen asleep; neither were my brothers there. The sky above me was as sunny and bright; but tall trees, that I had never seen the like of, threw their shadows around me. Then I knew the truth. I was no longer a dryad, but the soul of a tree.

"The years passed; the other trees called me their king; flowers grew around my feet; the birds made me their shelter; the squirrels robbed me of my fruit for their winter banquets; the winds, the rain, and the snow visited me; and at night the great sky watched over me.

"One day strange sounds ran through the forest, and the East Wind whispered that beings called 'Men' made them. These people came to live among us. No longer were the trees happy, for the Men killed our little bird and beast friends. Sometimes a man came with a sharp stick and struck a tree. Soon the tree would give a cry of pain and fall to the earth to be dragged away into the forest's depths. The animals came and told us that it was put on a great bed of light that was hot like the sun in summer, but this light hurt badly when one went too near it.

"One summer night a boy came and lay down in my arms. All night I watched over him, breathing the stories told me by the winds. After that he came often, until one evening he brought a maiden with him. She kissed me. Then both said 'Good-bye,' and I wondered what that word meant. Again time sped on, until one day an old man, leaning upon a youth, came to visit me. It was my little friend of the past who had come for the last time to say that word which hurt me.

"More men came. In my shelter they fell upon their knees and spoke in another tongue. They, too, lived near me for years. The boys came to play their games; and the little girls, with their needlework, enjoyed my shade. Ah, how proud and happy I was! But the night came when the whole sky was lighted by a red blaze and the air filled with cries as a new ruler ascended Peace's throne.

This, too, ceased, and one morning I saw a man approaching me with an axe. Many times he hit me, cutting deeply into my sides, until I could stand it no longer. So I fell, and for the first time in many years I lay close to my Mother Earth. I was stripped of my branches and carried away to a mill. There I was cut into boards, and, when all my graceful curves were gone, I was scrubbed over with an ill-smelling liquid, rubbed, and made into a 'pretty library table.' He looked sorrowfully at the

table's sharp lines, his blue eyes gleaming through mist, as he sadly thought of what "might have been" if he had never left his woody home.

He began to pull his gray hood on, saying, "The forest's call is strong to-night, and I am going back to the happy past, to linger for a few hours with the other souls of the woodlands." The tones of his gown blended with the twilight shades, and once more I was alone, listening to the raindrops' song.

SQUIRREL TOWN.

WHERE the oak trees, tall and stately,
Stretch great branches to the sky,
Where the green leaves toss and flutter
As the summer days go by,
Dwell a crowd of little people,
Ever racing up and down,
Bright eyes glancing, gray tails whisking,—
This is known as Squirrel Town.

Bless me, what a rush and bustle,
As the happy hours speed by!
Chitter, chatter—chatter, chitter,
Underneath the azure sky.
Laughs the brook to hear the clamor,
Chirps the sparrow gay and brown;
"Welcome, welcome, everybody!—
Jolly place, this Squirrel Town."

Honey-bees the fields are roaming;
Daisies nod, and lilies blow;
Soon Jack Frost,—the saucy fellow!—
Hurrying, will come, I know.
Crimson leaves will light the woodland,
And the nuts come pattering down;
Winter store they all must gather,—
Busy place then, Squirrel Town.

Blowing, blustering, sweeps the north wind—
See, the snow is flying fast!
Hushed the brook, and hushed the sparrow,
For the summer time is past.
Yet these merry little fellows
Do not fear old Winter's frown;
Snug in hollow trees they're hiding,—
Quiet place is Squirrel Town.

St. Nicholas.

For Every Other Sunday.

IN THE POUND.

BY C. E. WILBUR.

JOHN was a good boy at heart, but he was careless in his habits. When he came in from school, he threw his hat in one place, his overcoat in another, and his school-bag in a third. Hence, he was always in trouble when he wanted to go out or to go to school. He could not remember where he had thrown them.

One morning, when he was about to go to school, after a long search he found his overcoat behind the hall-seat, where it had slipped when he threw it down, but he could not find his cap.

There remained but fifteen minutes before the ringing of the last school bell, and it would take him ten minutes to reach his seat. John was in despair, because he was anxious to avoid tardy marks. He called his mother, Mary, his sister, and even the cook from the kitchen, to help in the search. All was in vain, until Bridget said, "Shure, maybe it is on its own peg in the hall closet." There it was found.

By a rapid flight John reached his seat in time to escape a tardy mark.

John did not hear the last of this for some time; and, when he was seen to be searching for anything, some one was sure to say, "John, look in its place: you might by accident have put it where it belongs." This made him feel sad sometimes and at other times quite angry. But it prepared him for something that his mother had to propose.

John had a small allowance of twenty-five cents a week from his father. This he used for his own comfort and pleasure, and it was quite enough for his toys and sports.

His mother said to him: "It is time for you to become more careful about your clothes and books and playthings. I am going to put your stray articles in this drawer when I find them. It shall be called the 'pound.' The 'pound,' you know, is the place where all stray animals are put and kept until their owners pay all charges against them. There will be a charge against you of two cents for every article found in the 'pound.' You must pay it out of your allowance. It will help you to be careful, and maybe it will break up your bad habit."

John agreed to this, especially as Mary was included under the same law of the household, and it did not seem aimed entirely at him.

The plan worked well for a time. Mary was caught once and John several times, but they both paid their fines cheerfully. There was a decided improvement in John.

But it is hard to break up a bad habit, and after a while John was in trouble again. He came in one Saturday morning and said: "Mamma, where is my baseball glove? There is to be a game this morning, and I am to be the catcher."

"Have you looked carefully for it?" said his mother, and there was a merry twinkle in her eye.

"Yes, mamma; but I cannot find it."

"Suppose you look in the 'pound.'"

In the "pound" it was sure enough. He had left it upon the hall-seat the night before, instead of putting it away in his tool-box in his own room.

"I suppose I shall have to pay pound charges before I can get it."

Then he began to search in his pockets for his purse. He went through them all several times, but his search was in vain. He cast a sidelong glance at his mother. There was a far-away look in her eye that sent a chilling fear to his heart. He went to his room, thinking that he might have dropped his purse on the floor, or that he might have put it on his dresser; but he did not find it.

The truth was that he had bought something for Mary at the store the night before, and, in giving her her change, he had laid his purse on the dining-room table. There his mother had found it.

"How would it do to try the 'pound'?" said his mother.

Alas! his fear was a fact: the purse was in the pound also.

He could not get the glove without the purse, and he had no other money with which to redeem the purse. He was ashamed to borrow the sum of Mary, and his mother thought it best to let him work his own way out of the difficulty.

His father gave him his allowance on Saturday evening, and then he took both out of the "pound"; but he missed catching for the game. That was a great cross to him, and he did not soon forget his lost purse.

This really was what cured him of his bad habit. He was careful not to mislay his purse, and this led him to be careful in other things.

THE BLEST.

Who are the blest?

They who have kept their sympathies awake,
And scattered joy for more than custom's sake—
Steadfast and tender in the hour of need,
Gentle in thought, benevolent in deed;
Whose looks have power to make dissension
cease;

Whose smiles are pleasant, and whose words are
peace.

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

A LOAD-OF HAY.

BY CARO ATHERTON DUGAN.

IT was a hot July day. The sun blazed down upon the open fields, and every tree stood as motionless against the cloudless sky as if under enchantment. Warm rose scents and fragrance of clover hay floated in through the open windows of grandfather's house. Bees hummed drowsily over the garden beds, and doves walked about the sunny shed roof, crooning softly to themselves.

The children were so happy to be here at grandfather's, having come from the city last evening, that they did not seem to mind the heat, but ran about, visiting every nook and corner of house and barn, garden and orchard, greeting with shouts and caresses the horses and cows, the dog, ducks, and chickens.

An empty hay wagon stood on the barn floor, and one of the farm horses was being backed in between its shafts.

"Here comes father with a rake," said Olivia. "Now for some fun!" exclaimed Helen, her dark eyes dancing with excitement.

"We will help you get in the hay, father," said Winslow, eagerly seizing a pitch-fork near at hand.

"Put that down, my boy," said his father. "You must leave the forks to your elders, but you children may help with the raking. Tumble into the cart, all of you. We must make haste to get the hay in for grandfather, for I think a shower is coming."

"May I go with you, father?" asked Mary, the youngest, slipping a small hand in his, with a beseeching look.

"What can you do to help, little daughter?" said father, with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"I can sit on the load and hold it down," said little Mary, earnestly. A shout of laughter went up from the children.

"Ho!" exclaimed Winslow, "old Charlie will not be able to start the load with so much weight on top."

Little Mary looked troubled; but father picked her up, swinging her lightly into the cart with a smile that set her heart at rest.

Down the lane leading to the great hay-field rattled the cart, father driving, John and Larry, the farm men, following behind, and the children singing gayly these words:

"When cooling morning breezes blow,
And skies are clear and blue,
To meadows fair we haste, to mow
The grass all wet with dew.
We mowers so happy and gay,
We're mowing the flowers and hay;
Our scythes are swinging,
Our voices ringing,
While mowing the flowers and hay."

"I wish we were truly mowers," said Winslow, "but we can only rake after."

"Never mind," said happy Helen, "it is lots of fun to rake."

Olivia made a nest in the sweet-scented hay,

where little Mary, who was still weak from a recent illness, could sit and watch them, and then the three elder children went busily to work raking up the long rows, while father and Larry pitched great heaps of hay into the cart where John was waiting to tread it down. It was warm work at first, so still and lifeless was the air; but soon a cool puff of wind came from the west where clouds were gathering, and then another and another.

"Here comes the 'cooling morning breeze,'" said little Mary.

"Rain is surely coming, also," said Olivia.

The men worked quickly, and the load was at last complete. Father lifted little Mary and tossed her up to John, and there she sat on the very top of the load, smiling and satisfied, feeling sure that she was now doing her full share of the work.

John slid forward on the hay, gathering up the reins; and old Charlie patiently took his way homeward, the merry company of workers following slowly at a little distance. Creaking and groaning under its weight of hay the wagon bumped and thumped over the stubbly ground, to the great delight of little Mary, when, just as it was turning into the grassy lane where progress would be easy, the wheels struck a large stone, the cart bumped, tilted, and, slowly at first, but with increasing speed, the great load slid off and came heavily to the ground.

The children shouted with glee, thinking it a fine joke, but father sprang forward, pale with anxiety; for where was the little figure that a moment since was perched so proudly on the top of the load? Nothing could be seen now of the laughing eyes and waving hands of little Mary, but somewhere under all that smothering hay—

Father motioned to the children to stand back, while with careful yet nearly frantic haste he worked, aided by the men, to loosen and pull apart the hay. A bit of blue in the midst of the hay,—that was her dress! Then the wide brim of her shade hat came to view, bent so as to protect the little face, and then—Mary was sitting on father's knee, gasping and coughing for a little, but quite unharmed.

"It is the hay dust," she said, apologetically.

"It is in my eyes and nose and mouth."

Olivia pulled a handkerchief from her pocket, and said, "We will dust you off then as if you were grandma's table."

Helen gave a warm hug to the little sister, saying, "I am so glad you are not hurt, dear," and Winslow turned a double somersault on the hay for joy.

Little Mary lifted her soft brown eyes, and asked gently, "Was I really too heavy, father, and is that why the load came off?"

Father laughed out merrily. "The trouble was with the load, little daughter: it was too hastily put together. We will build it better, now, and you shall watch us."

Again the rakes and pitch-forks came in play, and soon the young haymakers were following their second load through the lane; but little Mary rode home on father's arm, her hand clasped warmly in his. And such was their good fortune, in spite of the delay, that the great load was safe in the barn before the clouds grew dark overhead, and the first cool drops of that July shower came pattering down.

THE boy who does not go to school does not know what Saturday is. If a man would know what amusement means, let him earn it and know its recreation. No man has a right to amusement, or knows the real joy of it, who has not earned the right by work.
M. D. Babcock.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

It was a long time ago, the Editor recalls, that he reported the conversation of two girls, one liking the Sunday School and the other not wanting to go. He promised to tell some time how it turned out.

The girl who said she preferred to go out Sundays with her friends automobiling, or reading newspapers at home, has reported to us her change of feeling. The Editor gives this confession in language which does not vary much from the original.

"I liked the liberty at first, and thought it was fine. There were no lessons to look up, and I felt free. We had a great many excursions into the country, in the bright, sunny Sundays. But after a while I didn't enjoy these trips so much; and, when I was at home, I missed my mates. But for a long time I thought my decision to stay away from Sunday School was just the thing. So it went on for one or two years.

"Now I am going regularly to the school at my church, and, Mr. Editor, I will tell you why. You see, I am about twelve years old, and at the day school the teacher began to talk about David and Isaiah and Jesus and Paul in our composition work. I couldn't answer any of his questions. I felt ashamed. Then my school-mates were telling me all the while how nice it was to be in the class; how much they learned, and what good times they had with Miss Brown, the teacher. Now, I was fond of Miss Brown, and hated to leave her, and she said she was sorry to lose me. One day I met her on the street and she said: 'Why, Mary, how do you do? I miss you, we all miss you. But I suppose you have good reasons for staying away. Shall be glad to see you back.' And then she acted just as though she was the same as if I had never left.

"I told father, next day, that I thought I would go back to Sunday School. 'That's good,' he said, 'I'm glad to hear it.' 'Why,' I replied, 'you never objected to my dropping out.' 'Well,' he said, 'you know mother and I like to please you, and we didn't make any objection; but we really thought you made a mistake.'

"Of course, Mr. Editor, I don't quite understand why father did not tell me just what he believed about it. I suppose he is very busy in so many things he can't stop to think about me and my affairs. He is very good and kind. But I am back in the school, and we are having fine lessons, so interesting that I go to the public library and look up what the teacher tells us to do. All the girls are just in love with what we are doing. Of course I am older now than when I told you I didn't care for Sunday School, and know more, but I don't quite see how I left. And I still wonder why father and mother let me do it.

"I see *Every Other Sunday* now, and it does me good. Please, Mr. Editor, just say in your 'Editor's Chair,' that boys and girls ought to go to Sunday School."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

This department invites correspondence, aims to give information, offers counsel, and is open to all. It will make Notes and answer Queries.

To A. D.

Your questions about the "Beacon Series" we answer as follows.

The manuals of this course were planned by a committee, appointed by President Horton. They are the first complete attempt to present a

consecutive series of books to be used by Sunday Schools. The University of Chicago Press has a partial course of this kind, begun several years ago. Another announcement from some other source is out, promising something of this kind in two or three years. These books are written from the "liberal" standpoint. You can use them for your school in part or as a whole. Each volume is valuable and helpful in itself. For more information send and get a descriptive circular.

SUPERINTENDENT.

We advise you to follow your best judgment. There are two books for Sunday Schools, of the sort you wish, now available. "A Book of Song and Service" has now reached its forty-thousand edition, and is generally used in our schools. A similar one by Rev. C. W. Wendte, "Heart and Voice," has been published the past year. We suggest that you look over the two and select the one you decide best suited to your wants. The Sunday-School Society sells both.

NOTE.

The Editor desires to make clear to all Sunday-School workers that the books by Pulsford, Lyon, Dole, Fenn, Slicer, Toy, and others, already on hand, will be great helps to teachers in preparing lessons of the "Beacon Series." They will be enrichments to the "Helpers."

QUERY.

"Do you believe in Teachers' Meetings?" Decidedly. Under whatever system—individual, one-topic, or graded—there ought to be meetings of this kind. They are needed to foster a mutual spirit of coöperation, to bring the minister in touch with the working force, and to provide information on the subjects of methods and objects.

INQUIRER.

Yes! there will be an Autumn meeting, probably in November, at Boston. A rally of our teachers, and all interested.

NOTE.

We suggest that each one interested send for the latest edition of "Descriptive Catalogue," just issued by the Sunday-School Society. Keep it handy for reference. It will save you the trouble of correspondence about many matters.

TEACHER.

We hope to have Mrs. Stebbins' "Old Testament Narratives, Part I.," ready by November 1. The author has been unavoidably delayed. Rev. Mr. Sunderland's "The Bible and the Bible Country," in the same Junior division, will probably be issued in leaflet form, to escape a long postponement of the complete book. We hope to have five lessons issued in time for the five Sundays of October. By these two additions the "Beacon Series" will be entire, and at the service of the schools for the current year.

Biography is the best form of history.

H. W. SHAW.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA V.

I AM composed of 9 letters.

1. My 1, 7, 4, 3, 5, is a nickname for Colonel Roosevelt.
2. My 2, 8, 9, is a part of the head.
3. My 6, 2, 3, is what we sleep in.
4. My 5, 2, 8, 9, is 12 months.

My *whole* is a popular plaything.

DORIS HOLMES.

ACROSTIC.

1. Is in ache, but not in pain.
2. Is in scarlet, but not in pink.
3. Is in room, but not in chamber.
4. Is in billows, but not in sea.
5. Is in grand, but not in great.

My *whole* is a word meaning a royal ornament and a coin.

ALICE E. DIAMOND.

REVERSIBLE WORDS.

1. READ forward, a portion; read backward, to ensnare.
2. Forward, a market; backward, a railway.
3. Forward, a series of years; backward, part of the verb to be.
4. Forward, a pause; backward, a boy's toy.
5. Forward, part of a house; backward, a lonely field.
6. Forward, sin; backward, to exist.

Selected.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

A WOMAN who without redress
Was sent into the wilderness.

A woman who made a wilful halt,
And turned into a block of salt.

A man transferred to foreign lands
By jealous hearts and cruel hands.

The people who were safely led
Across the Red Sea's empty bed.

The man that led their wanderings
And had no fear of queens or kings.

The giant who, as it befell,
Defied the host of Israel.

The boy who with a little stone
Slew with his sling the mighty one.

The singer, whose sweet psalms have been
The solace to a world of men.

The queen preferred of all above
Who won herself a great king's love.

The man who, (and his own sons ten,)
Was hung for killing other men.

Who was so strong that he gave proof,
By crushing thousands 'neath one roof.

Who were they in the prison chill
Who prayed and sang of God's good will.
The Myrtle.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 1.

ENIGMA I.—Alice E. Diamond.

ENIGMA II.—Northampton.

SQUARE WORD. CAT

ATE

TEA

CHARADE.—Bluebell.

QUOTATION ACROSTIC.—Moses, Isaiah, Rehoboam, Ittai, Amos, Micah.—Miriam.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, EDITOR.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

The uniform subscription price of *EVERY OTHER SUNDAY* is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district and in Canada must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday Schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools. Twenty-two numbers constitute a volume. Publication is suspended in July and August.

Entered as second-class mail matter, Boston.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,
25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.